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Poem, Detonator Gal

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DETONATOR GAL

Here's to the gals of the Detonator table, We're over 40 but willing and able. No one whistles when we walk by, Our combined sex appeal you could put in your eye.

Our size 40 suits fit in all the wrong places— We know we're not gorgeous; we merely have faces. The stuff on our heads that we fondly call hair, Would look just the same on the old grey mare. We don't wear slacks or high heeled shoes, We have nothing to gain, and what can we loose?

We don't rush to the rest room to powder and paint; Why try to make beauty when beauty there ain't? We don't were false lashes, we know we're dames; Why; none of the bosses even know our right names.

We don't hate our jobs, but it's no seventh heaven; We just work around our table from three 'till eleven. When the day's work is over, no ear waits for us; We have to run like hell to catch the last bus.

When we crawl into bed, We don't pray at great length; We make only one plea, "God give us strength!"

So, call us the biddies and old hens if you will; We've done a good job and are doing it still.

As long as we work and send our boys plenty,
They don't give a famm if we're sixty or twenty!

--- JUST A DETONATOR GAL.